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A

Midſummer Night's Dream.

WRITTEN BY

SHAKESPEARE:

With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS,
and ſeveral New SONGS.

By Geo: Colman Esq.*

* But see Note.

[Price One Shilling.]

Boston Public Library.

A Midsummer Nights' Dream. Written by Shakspeare, with alterations and additions, and several new songs. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By D. Garrick. 8vo. 1763.

This piece was acted only once, when the spectators were uncommonly few, and therefore not in the best humour. Respect for Shakespeare, however, kept them silent, but that silence likewise induced them to sympathize with Lysander and Helena, Demetrius and Hermia, who in one scene are all lying fast asleep on the stage.

After the representation was over, Mr. Colman, who superintended the rehearsals, and who did not escape the narcotic qualities of the dose he had administered, took away a third part of its ingredients, and prevailed on his patients to try the effects of

it a second time. But in this contracted form it succeed tolerably, but piping Bowness without the benefit of repose. We have reason to think, however, that our theatrical physician had still further hopes of gaining somewhat by his prescription, having, if we are not deceived, compelled those under his regimen at the Haymarket to swallow it once more, though he could never contrive to make it a popular medicine.

In the first edition of this work we had ascribed to Mr. Colman both these alterations. Before that Gentleman's death, however, he complained that they had been ascribed to him without any authority. "Of the first (says he), it is true, I attended the rehearsals, at the appearance of Mr. Garrick, on his going abroad; but the reward, as I foretold, failing of success, the piece was by my advice reduced to two acts, under the

title of a Fairy Tale; so that I was little more than a godfather on the occasion, and the alterations should have been subscribed anon." We have since seen evidence sufficient to satisfy us that the first alteration was by Mr. Garrick.

Biogr. Dramat. edit. 1812. Vol. III. p. 42.

F. Reynolds in his alteration of the same play, but Respass, I doubt whether either Colman or Garrick had any thing to do with this wretched piece. Colman, as we see, half denied his paternity, and Garrick would probably have done the same, had he thought it worth his while; but Colman survived him by several years. It is likely, on the contrary, that both were concerned in it. One wit, like Garrick, "struck out" so many beauties in Hamlet, see the account of this alteration of that play in Boswell's edition Vol. II. p. 691.

could not be expected scrupulously to retain all the beauties of A Midsummer Night's Dream; and as for Colman, he has written better prose than as bad as this, if not worse. There is a cloud, however, which after all is hardly worth attempting to clear up.

B.

Boston Public Library

A

Midſummer Night's Dream.

Written by

SHAKESPEARE:

With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS, and Several NEW SONGS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

In *DRURY-LANE.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.

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May, 1873

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theseus, Duke of *Athens*,	*Mr.* Bransby.
Egeus, an *Athenian* Lord,	*Mr.* Burton.
Lysander, in love with *Hermia*,	*Mr.* Vernon.
Demetrius, in love with *Hermia*,	*Mr.* W. Palmer.
Quince, the Carpenter,	*Mr.* Love.
Snug, the Joiner,	*Mr.* Clough.
Bottom, the Weaver,	*Mr.* Yates.
Flute, the Bellows-mender,	*Mr.* Baddeley.
Snout, the Tinker,	*Mr.* Ackman.
Starveling, the Taylor,	*Mr.* Parsons.

WOMEN.

Hippolita, Princess of the Amazons, betrothed to *Theseus*,	*Mrs.* Hopkins.
Hermia, Daughter to *Egeus*, in love with *Lysander*,	*Miss* Young.
Helena, in love with *Demetrius*,	*Mrs.* Vincent.

ATTENDANTS.

Oberon, King of the Fairies,	*Miss* Rogers.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies,	*Miss* Ford.
Puck,	*Master* Cape.
First Fairy,	*Miss* Wright.
Second Fairy,	*Master* Raworth.

Other Fairies attending the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

A

Midſummer Night's Dream.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Palace.*

Enter Theſeus, *and* Hippolita, *with Attendants.*

THESEUS.

NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: But oh, methinks how ſlow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights,
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow,
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up th' Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals.
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theſeus our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander. And, my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lyſander. And, my noble Lord,
Be't ſo, ſhe will not here, before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law.
The. What ſay you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid,
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lyſander.
The. In himſelf he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
I know not by what pow'r I am made bold,
In ſuch a preſence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall, if I refuſe.
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men;
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
Whether not yielding to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun:
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin heart and hand
Unto his Lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſov'reignty.

AIR.

AIR.

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimick virtue with the paint of art;
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart;
The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new moon,
(The ſealing-day betwixt my love and me)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed Demetrius; or proteſt
A ſingle life on chaſte Diana's altar.
Dem. Relent, ſweet Hermia, and Lyſander yield.
Lyſ. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
Lyſ. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: My love is more than his:
My fortune's ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
And, which is more than all, I'm lov'd of Hermia.
Why ſhou'd not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius ſought Nedar's daughter Helena,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet Lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſs that I have heard ſo much,
And with Demetrius thought t'have ſpoke thereof;
But being over-full of ſelf-affairs
My mind did loſe it. But Demetrius, come,
And come, Egeus, you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come, my Hippolita. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Hermia, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood,
Or elſe miſgrafted in reſpect of years,
Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends,
Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confuſion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,
Oh, let us teach our trial patience:

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, Hermia:
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager,
From Athens is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues;
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me, then,
Steal forth to-morrow night; and in the wood
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obſervance to the morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.

AIR.

When that gay ſeaſon did us lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead,
When the merry bells rung round,
And the rebecks briſk did ſound,
When young and old came forth to play
On a ſunſhine holyday.

Let us wander far away,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray
O'er the mountains barren breaſt,
Where labouring clouds do often reſt,
O'er the meads with daizies py'd,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

Her.

Her. My good Lyſander,
I ſwear to thee by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
To morrow truly will I meet Lyſander.
Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. Good ſpeed, fair Helena! whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay;
Demetrius loves you, fair;

AIR.

O Hermia *fair, O happy, happy fair,*
Your eyes are load ſtars, and your Tongue's *ſweet air,*
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear;
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motions of your lover's heart.

Her. Take comfort;
Demetrius no more ſhall ſee your Hermia,
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.

AIR.

Before the time I did Lyſander *ſee,*
Seem'd Athens *like a Paradiſe to me;*
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!

Lyſ. Helen, to you we will unfold our minds;
To-morrow night, when Phebe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking the bladed graſs with liquid pearl,
(A time to lovers flights is ſtill propitious)
Through Athens' gate have we devis'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Were won't to lye upon faint primroſe beds,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet,
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewel ſweet play-fellow! Pray thou for us;

Keep word, Lyſander, we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lover's food, 'till morrow deep midnight. [*Exit* Hermia.
Lyſ. I will, my Hermia. Helena, adieu!
As you on him, Demetrius doat on you. [*Exit* Lyſ.
Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as Hermia;
But what of that; Demetrius thinks not ſo:
Yet ere he look'd on Hermia's eyes, he ſwore,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine:
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the Wood will he to-morrow night
Purſue her; and for this intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear reward.

AIR.

Againſt myſelf why all this art,
To glad my eyes, I grieve my heart;
To give him joy, I court my bane!
And with his ſight enrich my pain. [Exit *Hel.*

SCENE *a Room in* Quince's *Houſe.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.
Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit through all Athens to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutcheſs, on his wedding day at night.
Bot. Firſt, good Peter Quince, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow on to a point.
Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of Pyramus and Thiſby.
Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.
Quin. Anſwer as I call you. Nick Bottom the weaver!
Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.
Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are ſet down for Pyramus.
Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin.

Quin. A lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt; yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in. "To make all ſplit the raging "rocks and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon-"gates, and Phibbus carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and "mar the fooliſh fates!" This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is Ercles vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you muſt take Thiſby on you.

Flu. What is Thiſby, a wand'ring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman, I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak ſmall as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſby too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice; Thiſne, Thiſne; ah Pyramus my lover dear, thy Thiſby dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thiſby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the Taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſby's mother: Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snowt. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſby's father; Snug the joiner, you the Lion's part; I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again!

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the Ladies, that they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight, there we will rehearſe; for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. But hold ye, hold ye, neighbours; are your voices in order, and your tunes ready? For if we miſs our muſical pitch, we ſhall be all 'ſham'd and abandon'd.

Quin. Ay, ay! Nothing goes down ſo well as a little of your ſol, fa, and long quaver; therefore let us be in our airs ——and for better aſſurance I have got the pitch pipe.

Bot. Stand round, ſtand round! We'll rehearſe our epilog — Clear up your pipes, and every man in his turn take up his ſtanza-verſe——Are you all ready?

All. Ay, ay!—Sound the pitch-pipe, Peter Quince.

[Quince *blows.*

Bot. Now make your reverency and begin.

SONG

SONG——*for Epilogue*;

By Quince, Bottom, Snug, Flute, Starveling, Snout.

Quin. *Moſt noble Duke, to us be kind;*
Be you and all your courtiers blind,
That you may not our errors find,
But ſmile upon our ſport.
For we are ſimple actors all,
Some fat, ſome lean, ſome ſhort, ſome tall;
Our pride is great, our merit ſmall;
Will that, pray, do at court?

II.

Starv. *The writer too of this ſame piece,*
Like other poets here of Greece,
May think all ſwans, that are but geeſe,
And ſpoil your princely ſport.
Six honeſt folks we are, no doubt,
But ſcarce know what we've been about,
And tho' we're honeſt, if we're out,
That will not do at court.

III.

Bot. *Shall tinkers, weavers, taylors, dare*
To ſtrut and bounce like any play'r,
And ſhew you all, what fools we are,
And that way make you ſport?
Our lofty parts we could not hit,
For what we undertook unfit;
Much noiſe indeed, but little wit,
That will not do at court.

IV.

Flu. *O would the Duke and Dutcheſs ſmile,*
The court would do the ſame awhile,
But call us after, low and vile,
And that way make their ſport:
Nay, would you ſtill more paſtime make,
And at poor we your purſes ſhake,
What'er you give, we'll gladly take,
For that will do at court.

Bot.

Bot. Well ſaid, my boys, my hearts! Sing but like nightingales thus when you come to your miſrepreſentation, and we are made for ever, you rogues! ſo! ſteal a way now to your homes without inſpection; meet me at the Duke's oak——by moon light—mum's the word.

All. Mum! [*Exeunt all ſtealing out.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Wood.*

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck, *or* Robin-good-fellow, *at another.*

Puck. HOW now, Spirit! whither wander you?
1ſt *Fai.* Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.

AIR.

Kingcup, daffodil and roſe,
Shall the fairy wreath compoſe;
Beauty, ſweetneſs, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night:
Lightly trip it o'er the green
Where the Fairy ring is ſeen;
So no ſtep of earthly tread,
Shall offend our Lady's head.

Virtue ſometimes droops her wing,
Beauties bee, may loſe her ſting;
Fairy land can both combine,
Roſes with the eglantine:
Lightly be your meaſures ſeen,
Deftly footed o'er the green;
Nor a ſpectre's baleful head
Peep at our nocturnal tread.

Farewel thou lob of ſpirits, I'll begone;
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to-night,
Take heed the Queen come not within his ſight;
For they do ſquare, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

1ſt *Fai.* But why is Oberon ſo fell and wrath?

Puck. Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant hath
A lovely boy ſtol'n from an Indian King;
And ſhe perforce with-holds the changling,
Tho' jealous Oberon wou'd have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild.

1ſt *Fai.* Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh Sprite
Call'd Robin-good-fellow.

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
Oft lurk in goſſip's bowl, and her beguile
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab;
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wiſeſt aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole choir hold their hips and loffe.

A I R.

1ſt Fai. *Yes, yes, I know you, you are he*
That frighten all the villagree;
Skim milk, and labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the huſwife churn;
Or make the drink to bear no barm,
Laughing at their loſs and harm,
But call you Robin, *and ſweet* Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

Yes, you are that unlucky Sprite!
Like Will-a-whiſp, a wandring light,
Through ditch, thro' bog, who lead aſtray
Benighted ſwains, who loſe their way;
You pinch the ſlattern black and blue,
You ſilver drop in huſwife's ſhoe;
For call you Robin *and ſweet* Puck,
You do their work, and bring good luck.

Puck.

Puck. But make room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.
1ſt *Fai.* And here my miſtreſs: Would that he were gone!

Enter Oberon *King of Fairies at one door, with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania!
Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton! Am not I thy Lord?
Queen. Then I muſt be thy Lady: Why art thou here?
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of India?
But that, forſooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs, and your warrior love,
To Theſeus muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.
Ob. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theſeus?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigune, whom he raviſhed,
And make him, with fair Egle, break his faith
With Ariadne and Antiopa?
Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never ſince that middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
The ſpring, the ſummer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the amazed world
By their increaſe now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and original.
Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changling boy
To be my henchman.
Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And in the ſpiced Indian air by night
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,

Marking th' embarked traders of the flood,
When we have laught to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,
Would imitate, and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again
As from a voyage rich with merchandize;
But ſhe being mortal of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I do rear up her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I'll go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy Fairy kingdom.

AIR. DUET.

Queen. *Away, away,*
I will not ſtay,
But fly from rage and thee.
King. *Begone, begone,*
You'll feel anon
What 'tis to injure me.
Queen. *Away, falſe man!*
Do all you can,
I ſcorn your jealous rage!
King. *We will not part;*
Take you my heart!
Give me your favourite page.
Queen. *I'll keep my page!*
King. *And I my rage!*
Nor ſhall you injure me.
Queen. *Away, away!*
I will not ſtay,
But fly from rage and thee.
Both. *Away, away,* &c. [Exeunt *Queen,* &c.

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury——
My gentle Puck, come hither:
There is a flow'r, the herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The juice of it on ſleeping eyelids laid,

Will

Will make a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me that herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*
Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on bear, lion, wolf, bull, ape or monkey),
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb),
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Hence, get thee gone! and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me on, I cannot help but follow.
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you I do not, and I cannot love you?

AIR.

Forbid the ſtormy ſea to roll,
Or fix the roving wind;
But, ah, attempt not to controul
The changes of my mind.

Recall the minutes that are fled,
Forbid fleet time to move,
Wake to new life the ſleeping dead,
But ne'er recall my love.

Hel. Scorn me, ſpurn me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſart place.

Hel.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world.
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if you follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood. [*Exit.*
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town and field
You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex.

AIR.

Our ſofter ſex can't fight for love,
As rougher men may do;
In gentle ſighs our paſſions move,
We ſhou'd be woo'd, not woo. [Exit.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph! Ere he doth leave this grove
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.

Enter Puck.

Haſt thou the flow'r there? Welcome wanderer!
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxſlip and the nodding violet grows;
There ſleeps Titania, ſometime of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs, with dances and delight;
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet Athenian Lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he eſpies
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man
By th' Athenian garments he hath on.
And look you, meet me ere the firſt cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my Lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. [*Exit.*
Ob. Now, with all ſpeed, to charm Titania. [*Exit* King.

Enter

Enter Second Fairy, *with a troop of Fairies.*

AIR.

Come, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy Elves that be;
O'er tops of dewy graſs,
So nimbly do we paſs;
The young and tender ſtalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk.

[Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Wood.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, *with her Train.*

Queen. COme, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong:
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats: And ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders,
At our queint ſpirits. Sing me now aſleep,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

[*Goes to the Bower and lies down.*

AIR.

1ſt. Fai. *You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,*
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen,
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

II.

Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor ſnail do no offence.

Philomel *with melody*, &c.

Hence away! now all is well;
One aloof ſtand centinel. [*Exeunt* Fairies.

Enter

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye what ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit* Ob.

Enter Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak truth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't ſo, Lyſander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

DUET. AIR.

Not the ſilver doves that fly,
Yoak'd in Cytherea's car,
Are ſo beauteous to the eye,
Are ſo choicely match'd by far.

Not the wings that bear aloft,
The gay ſportive God of love,
Are ſo lovely bright and ſoft,
Or with more conſent do move.

Her. Now, my Lyſander, on that bank repoſe,
That if perchance my woman's fears ſhou'd ſeek
Protection in thy love and brav'ry,
I may not call on love and thee in vain.
Lyſ. Repoſe thee, love, I'll watch thee thro' the night,
No harm ſhall reach thee——
Sleep give thee all his reſt.
Her. With half that wiſh, the wiſher's eyes be preſt!
[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian find I none;
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid?
And here the maiden ſleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
But firſt I'll throw into a trance,
This youth; that elves may round him dance:
Melting ſounds your power impart,
That I may pierce his harden'd heart!

[*Soft muſick.*

Lyſ. Whence is this ſweet enchanting harmony!
A thicker ſhade o'er ſpreads the night! my ſenſes,
Some ſecret unknown influence feels——
I cannot ſhake it off; chains inviſible
Already bind my limbs, and all my pow'rs enthrall.

[*He ſinks down.*

Puck. 'Tis done, 'tis done; and now my ſkill,
His breaſt with other love ſhall fill:
Churl upon thy eyes I throw,
All the power this charm doth owe;
So awake when I am gone!
For I muſt now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius!
Dem. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou leave me? do not ſo, my love.
Dem. Stay on thy peril, I alone will go. [*Exit* Dem.
Hel. O I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my favour.
But who is here? Lyſander on the ground:
Dead or aſleep?
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir, awake.
Lyſ. And run thro' fire for thee, ſweet Helena. [*Waking.*
Where is Demetrius? Oh how fit a word,
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander, ſay not ſo:
What tho' he loves your Hermia? What of that?

Yet

Yet Hermia ſtill loves you; be ſatisfy'd.

Lyſ. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have loſt.
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd,
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier.
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I can read
Love's ſtories written in love's richeſt book.

Hel. But wherefore this?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, Lyſander,
That I did never, no, nor ever can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſs.

AIR.

If, oh, if no flame returns
The Flame that in my boſom burns,
If love for love's deny'd;
Oh, be not an ungentle ſwain,
Nor add to cold neglect, diſdain,
And inſolence and pride! [Exit.

Lyſ. She ſees not Hermia: Hermia, ſleep thou there,
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
Brings deepeſt loathing to the appetite;
Or as the hereſies that men do quit,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit and my hereſy,
Of all be hated, but the moſt of me. [*Exit.*

Her. Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my boſom.
Ah me, for pity! what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look how I do quake with horror.
Methought a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you ſate ſmiling at him.—Ha! Lyſander,
Lyſander! what remov'd? Lyſander, Lord!
What out of hearing gone? out of ſight!
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, and if you hear me,
Speak of all loves: I ſwoon almoſt with fear.

AIR.

Sweet ſoothing hope, whoſe magic-art,
Transforms our night to day,
Diſpel the clouds, that wrap my heart,
With thy enliv'ning ray:
Thus when the ſky with noxious ſteams,
Has been obſcur'd awhile,
The ſun darts forth his piercing beams,
And makes all nature ſmile. [Exit.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout *and* Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies *lying a ſleep.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat! and here's a marvellous convenient place for our reherſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince.

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thiſby, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf, which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlaken, a parlous fear!

Starv. I believe we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well we will have ſuch a prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lion?

Starv. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves; to bring in, heaven ſhield us! a Lion among Ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your Lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout.

Snout. Therefore another prologue muſt tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect: Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are: and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, He is Snug the Joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for you know Pyramus and Thiſby met by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look into the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthern; and ſay he comes to diſfigure or to preſent the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing; we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for Pyramus and Thiſby (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall; and let him have ſome plaiſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt, about him, to ſignify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus, and through the cranny ſhall Pyramus and Thiſby whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. Pyramus, you begin; and when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake, and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen homeſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd; I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thiſby, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thiſby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr.

Pyr. Odours ſavours ſweet;
So doth thy breath, my deareſt Thiſby dear:
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here a while,
And by-and-by I will to thee appear. [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aſide.*
[*Exit.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry muſt you; for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bier,
Moſt briſkly jevenile, and eke moſt lovely jew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire;
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man; why you muſt not ſpeak that yet: That you anſwer to Pyramus: You ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt: It is, Never tire.

Enter Puck, *and* Bottom *with an Aſs's head.*

Thiſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thiſbe, I were only thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! We are haunted: Pray maſters, fly maſters, help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Thro' bog, thro' buſh, thro' brake, thro' briar;
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd: What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an aſs's head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot.

Bot. I ſee their knavery; this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

AIR.

The ouſel-cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot. (Sings.) *The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-ſong cuckow grey,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer nay.

For indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckow never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again,
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that; and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: But if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flow'rs doth ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblooſſom, Cob, Moth, Muſtardſeed!

Enter

Enter Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtardſeed. *Four Fairies.*

1ſt. *Fai.* Ready.

2d *Fai.* And I.

3d *Fai.* And I.

4th *Fai.* And I. Where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes,
To have my love to-bed, and to ariſe:
Nod to him, Elves, and do him courteſies.

1ſt *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail!

2d *Fai.* Hail!

3d *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy, heartily; I beſeech your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman.

Peaſe. Peaſebloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Miſtreſs Squaſh your mother, and to Maſter Peaſecod your father: Good Maſter Peaſebloſſom, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir?

Muſt. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good Maſter Muſtardſeed, I know your patience well: That ſame cowardly, giant-like ox-beef, hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire more of your acquaintance, good Maſter Muſtardſeed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bow'r.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity?

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger! how now, mad ſprite!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches rude rehears'd a Play
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.
And aſs's nole I fixt upon one head,
And all the reſt with fear diſtracted fled.
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtrait way lov'd an aſs.
Ob. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe,
For thou, I fear, haſt giv'n me cauſe to curſe thee:
If thou haſt ſlain Lyſander in his ſleep,
Oh, kill me too!
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtol'n from hence,
From ſleeping Hermia?
It cannot be but thou haſt murder'd him.

Dem. Why, gentle Hermia, will you ſtill perſiſt,
To pierce me thro' the heart with your contempt?

AIR.

Theſe looks, theſe tears, theſe tender ſighs,
Are theſe in murd'rers found?
'Tis I am murder'd, and your eyes,
Your ſcorn, has given the wound.

Her. What's this to my Lyſander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, give him to my wiſhes!
Dem. I'ad rather give his carcaſs to the dogs.
Her. Thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping?
Hence forth be never number'd among men,
Thou ſerpent!
Dem. I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood,
Nor is he dead for aught that I can tell.
Her. Then from thy hated preſence will I go,
In ſearch of my Lyſander, come what may.

AIR.

I'll range all around 'till I find out my love,
O'er mountains, in valleys, thro' deſarts I'll rove;
Nor diſtance, nor danger, nor death can affright,
For love gives me courage, and wings for my flight.

[*Exit* Her.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Upon this bank I will a while repoſe me. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:
About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens ſee thou find.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
And ſend an elf with ſome of that ſame flow'r.
Puck. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
Ob. I'll charm his eyes againſt ſhe doth appear.

Enter Fairy *with a flower.*

1ſt. *Fair.* Here is the flower.

Ob.

Ob. Now, Fairy, ſing the charm.

AIR.

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the Venus of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy. [*Exit* Fairy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth miſtook by me
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand a ſide: the noiſe they make
Will cauſe Demetrius to awake.

Enter Lyſander *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears.
Look when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born
In their nativity all truth appears.

AIR.

How can theſe ſighs and tears ſeem ſcorn to you;
They are the ſigns of love——O think 'em true!

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
Theſe vows are Hermia's: give 'em not to me.
Lyſ. I had no judgment when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my mind now you ſwear to me.
Lyſ. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Waking*] O Helen, Goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyes?
Hel. O ſpight! to uſe a ſimple woman thus!
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

In my poor eyes to conjure up the tears
With your deriſion! 'Tis unkindly done.
Lyſ. You are unkind, Demetrius, O forbear!
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you my pretenſions;
And yours to Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love to death, Demetrius.
Hel. What cruel mocking of a ſimple maid!
Dem. Lyſander, keep thy Hermia, I will none;
My heart to Helena is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

AIR.

How calm my ſoul in this bleſt hour,
How undiſturb'd my breaſt;
True love at length reſumes his pow'r,
And brings me peace and reſt.

My faith and truth now ſtand confeſt,
I now no longer roam;
My heart with Hermia was a gueſt
With Helen 'tis at home.

Lyſ. Helen, it is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou repent. Lyſander,
Look where thy love comes.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
Has made my ear more quick of apprehenſion:
Thou art not found, Lyſander, by mine eye;
My faithful ear, I thank it, brought me to thee.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me, love?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?
Her. What love, could preſs Lyſander from my ſide?
Lyſ. Lyſander's love, his love for Helena,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery ſtars: why ſeek'ſt thou me?
Her. You ſpeak not as you think, Lyſander.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy.
Injurious Hermia, moſt ungrateful maid!

Is

'Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
'The ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
'When we have chid the haſty-footed time
'For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
'All ſchool-days Friendſhip, childhood innocence?
'We, Hermia, like two artificial Gods,
'Created with our needles both one flower;
'Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
'As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
'Had been incorp'rate: ſo we grew together,
'Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
'But yet an union in partition."
And will you join in ſcorning your poor friend?
Her. Helen, I am amazed at your words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.
Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe me in deriſion?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
To call me goddeſs? wherefore is all this,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, perſevere and counterfit ſad looks:
This ſport well carried ſhall be chronicled.
But fare ye well! 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle Helena, hear my vows, my prayers;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Lyſ. Helen, I love thee, by my life I do!
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe that ſays I love thee not.

AIR.

Let him come, let him come, I'll prove to his face,
My paſſion no rival can bear:
Let him fly, let him fly, for he's ſure of diſgrace;
For my love feels the rage of deſpair.

Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it, traytor!
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Or thine, or mine, is moſt in Helena.
Dem. Follow? Nay I'll go with thee. [*Exe.* Lyſ. *and* Dem.
Her.

Her. O me, you juggler; O, you canker-bloſſom;
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, Hermia:
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.

AIR. DUET.

Hel. *With various griefs my mind is torn.*
Her. *And mine with rage, and love, and ſcorn.*
Both. *My griefs can have no end.*
Hel. *What greater ills can woman prove?*
Her. *For friendſhip has betray'd my love.*
Hel. *And love deſtroys the friend.* [*Exeunt.*

Oberon *and* Puck *comes forward.*

Ob. This is thy negligence: Still thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, king of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me I ſhould know the man
By th'Athenian garments he hath on?
Ob. Thou ſee'ſt theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcaſt the night:
I'll lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream and fruitleſs viſion:
And back the lovers ſhall return in truth;
Then to my Queen, and beg her Indian youth:
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Away, away, make no delay,
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Puck.

AIR.

Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am fear'd in field and town,
I will lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak, where art thou?
Ob. Here, recreant, here! [*Exit* Ob. *and* Dem.
Lyſ. He goes before me, dares me to the fight;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did run. [*Shifting places.*
Now tir'd and fall'n in a dark, uneven way,
Here will I reſt me. Come, thou gentle morning! [*Lies down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge my wrongs.

Enter Demetrius.

Ob. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt:
Thou run'ſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand. Recreant, ſpeak;
Where art thou?
Ob. Come thou hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear:
By day's approach, look to be viſited.
Now go thy way: Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed. [*Lies down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the eaſt,
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From theſe, that my poor company deteſt:
And ſleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*
Ob. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.

Enter Second Fairy.

2d *Fai.* Here ſhe comes, croſt and ſad.
Ob. Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe;
I can no further crawl, no further go:
Here will I reſt me till the break of day:
Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*
Ob. On the ground, ſleep thou ſound;
I'll apply, to your eye, gentle lover, remedy:
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.
Jack ſhall have Jill, nought ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all be well.

AIR.

2*d* Fai. *Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never.
[Exeunt *Ob.* and *Fai.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Wood.*

Enter Queen *of* Fairies, Bottom; Fairies *attending, and the* King *behind them.*

Queen. COME, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek-ſmooth'd head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy!

AIR.

Sweeteſt creature,
Pride of nature,
Lov'd as ſoon as ſeen:
Hear me ſighing,
See me dying,
Alas, poor Queen!

II.

Never ſlander,
Knew me wander
From our Fairy ring:
But you charm me,
And ſo warm me,
Alas, poor King!

Bot. What, my ſweet Robin-red-breaſt, have I put a little ſalt upon your tail? I'll have you in a cage, and feed you with white bread and milk; and you ſhall whiſtle all day to me, you little, loving, Tom-tit, you. Where's Peaſebloſſom?

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaſebloſſom. Where's Monſieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb, good Monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good Monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, Monſieur; and good

Monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I ſhould be loth to have you overflown with the honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monſieur Muſtardſeed?

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neafe, Monſieur Muſtardſeed: Pray you, leave your curteſie, good Monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monſieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, Monſieur; for methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick.

DUET. *By* 1ſt *and* 2d Fairy.

Welcome, welcome to this place,
Fav'rite of the Fairy Queen;
Zephyrs, play around his face,
Waſh, ye dews, his graceful mien.

Pluck the wings from butterflies,
To fan the moon beams from his eyes;
Round him in eternal ſpring,
Graſhoppers and crickets ſing.

By the ſpangled ſtarlight ſheen,
Nature's joy he walks the green;
Sweet voice, long ears, and graceful mien,
Speak him thine, O Fairy Queen!

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: Good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a ventrous Fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrels hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies begone, and be always away.
So doth the woodbine the ſweet honeyſuckle
Gently entwiſt.
O how I love thee! how I doat on thee! *Sleep.*

Enter

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin! See'ſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
I then did aſk of her, her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me; wherefore I'll undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this Athenian ſwain,
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queen.

AIR.

Be as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee:
As I to you, be you to me.

Now my Titania, wake you, my ſweet queen.
Queen. My Oberon! What viſions have I ſeen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an aſs.
Ob. There lies your love.
Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
O how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence a while. Robin, take off his head.
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep, of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Queen. Muſick, ho muſick! ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

AIR.

2d Fai. *Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,*
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing:
To his muſick, plants and flowers
Ever ſpring, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, muſick: Come, my Queen, take hand with me,

And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity. [*Lark heard.*
Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark, [*Lark again.*
I do hear the morning lark.
Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the night's ſhade;
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight,
Tell me, how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground.
[*A dance of Fairies, and exeunt.*

Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair Pyramus—Hey-ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling!—God's my life! ſtolen hence and left me aſleep. I have had a moſt rare viſion! I had a dream paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what: Methought I was, and methought I had; but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay, what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: It ſhall be call'd, Bottom's dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. [*Exit* Bot.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita *and all his train.*

Theſ. Go, one of you, and find out the foreſter;
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion—
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard

So

So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung,
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Teſſalian bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My Lord this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this, Lyſander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;
I wonder at their being here together.
Theſ. No doubt they roſe up early to obſerve
The rite of May, and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, Egeus, is not this the day,
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my Lord.
Theſ. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

A I R.

Lyſ. *Hark, hark, how the hounds and horn,*
Cherely rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of yon hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing ſhrill:

Theſ. Good-morrow friends; ſaint Valentine is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
Theſ. I know you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet I ſwear
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak)
And now I do methink me, ſo it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of th' Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough;

I beg

I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my conſent.
Dem. My Lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy follow'd me:
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to Hermia
Is melted as the ſnow;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
Is only Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed 'ere I Hermia ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;
But as in health come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for ever more be true to it.
Lyſ. And I my bond of faith to Hermia,
Will ſtill maintain 'till life ſhall be no more.
The buſy phantoms that diſturb'd my brain,
Are fled, and all is happineſs and love.

AIR. DUET.

Lyſ. *The dream is o'er as day appears,*
The bags of night are flown;
My riſing joys have chas'd my fears,
And Hermia is my own.

Her. *I muſt have ſlept, to be untrue,*
And from my faith to rove,
My waking thoughts are all of you,
Of you alone, and love———.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange, my Theſeus, what theſe lovers ſpeak of.
Theſ. More ſtrange than true: I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe fairy toys,
Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains;
Such ſhaping phanteſy they apprehend,
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends,
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of Imagination all compact;
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
The madman; while the lover all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,

Doth

Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name:
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination.

Lyſ. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. I think ſo too, and I have found Demetrius,
Like a jewel; mine own, and not mine own.

Hip. Fair friends, the croſſes of your loves are now o'erblown,
And future happineſs await your walks, your board, your beds.

Theſ. ——Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon:
Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide,
Away with us to Athens, three and three;
There will we feaſt in great ſolemnity.

AIR.

Lyſ. *Pierce the air with ſounds of joy;*
Come hymen with the winged boy,
Bring ſong, and dance, and revelry,
From this our great ſolemnity,
Drive care and ſorrow far away,
Let all be mirth and holiday.

CHORUS.

Hail to love! and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the ſun from love returning,
Love's the flame in which he's burning.

FINIS.